

JAMES GORDON BERRY. PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR.

OFFICE N. W. CORNER OF FULTON AND NASSAU STS.

VOLUME XVII. No. 300.

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery.—TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway.—THE RENAISSANCE.

FIFTH ST.—MARTIN.

BURTON'S THEATRE, Chambers Street.—BROOKS BELL.

NATIONAL THEATRE, Chatham Street.—NAPOLION.

WALLACK THEATRE, Broadway.—MUCH AD ABOUT NOTHING.—LIONEL LEE.

WHITNEY PATHE OF VARIETIES, 17 and 19 BOWERY.—KIDNEY'S VESTIGES OF THE REIGN.—FADY HILL'S BOY.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.—AMUSING PERFORMANCES IN AN AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

CHRISTY'S OPERA HOUSE, 67 Broadway.—EUROPEAN MINSTRELS BY CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS, Wood's Musical Hall, 44 Broadway.—EUROPEAN MINSTRELS.

DOUBLE SHEET.

New York, Wednesday, November 3, 1864.

Mails for Europe.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD—THE RESULT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The General steamship Europa, Captain Harrison, will leave this port at noon to-day for Liverpool.

The European mails will close at half past ten o'clock this morning.

The Election Returns.

Our election returns, received up to the hour of our going to press this morning, are scattering and incomplete.

We have taken some pains, however, to present them in an intelligible shape, from which it will appear that the democratic victories in the city, the county, the State, and the Union, are absolutely without a precedent in the history of the country since the election of Monroe.

But we would, notwithstanding, respectfully admonish our readers, that our tables of the general results are, to some extent, estimated, and may be, more or less, materially changed by the actual majorities as they come in.

Our aim is to be as nearly correct as possible in our estimates; but we do not pretend to give them as by any means conclusive.

During the day, we expect to be able to dissipate all doubts, by the receipt of definite intelligence from every quarter of the Union this side of Texas.

Let it suffice for the present, that Pierce and King are elected. That point being settled, all sides can afford to wait a few hours longer for the exact lists of the killed and wounded.

The Elections—Overwhelming Defeat of Gen. Scott and the Whig Party.

The elections are over. The great battle is fought; and from the scattering returns which have come in, General Pierce is the President elect of the United States, by an overwhelming majority, of both the popular and the electoral vote.

From the data before us, the triumph of the democratic ticket is without a parallel since the days of General Jackson, or General Harrison, leaving, indeed, even old Hickory himself, in the back ground.

New York city has dumb-founded the whigs, laid them out stiff and cold, while it has inspired the democrats to the most boisterous uproar of delight, and astonished everybody with its tremendous explosion of some 11,000 votes in favor of Pierce and King.

The Presidential ticket, too, seems to have swept everything along with it—the Corporation, State officers, Congressional, city, county tickets, Gen. Walbridge, and all our returns, as far as received, indicate a clean sweep, from beginning to end, in the city and county of New York.

The Webster movement has operated, no doubt, very powerfully to this result; but that "rich Irish brogue," that "well known German accent," and the "scandalous jargon" with which the whigs entered into the fight, have also had a great deal to do with this terrible prostration of the whig party.

As goes the city so goes the State; and as goes the State, so goes the Union.

Though our returns are comparatively few and incomplete, from the country at large, they are sufficient to justify the conclusion that every one of the three great States of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, has gone for Pierce and King, by a very decisive majority.

Nay, more—our figures indicate that Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland, have ranged themselves in the same column with Maine, New Hampshire, Virginia and Missouri.

In short, there is no absolute certainty, from the general complexion of our telegraphic despatches up to the time of our writing this article, that General Scott has carried any other States in the Union excepting Vermont, Massachusetts and Kentucky, and perhaps Tennessee.

Even in Massachusetts, General Pierce has run amazingly well, leading the field in the city of Boston, with a handsome plurality over General Scott. Upon the whole, it is highly probable that the electoral vote of General Scott will be less than that of Van Buren in 1840.

This is a revolution—a great, significant, and genuine revolution, as between the two great parties of the country, and in respect to the general policy and the measures of the government at Washington.

The result is, also, a great moral judgment of the people against the exhausted whig idea of gunpowder availability; and a most emphatic rebuke to the miserable policy of trading with the abolitionists upon any terms.

Mr. Webster and Mr. Fillmore were rejected, mainly because they had given offence to the anti-slavery whigs of the Northern whig party while General Scott's availability, apart from his good political standing with Seward and his allies, was upon their imaginary strength that General Scott was nominated; but the delusion was vanishing into thin air.

tele 4, will ever attempt to stand upon the same old reform.

We have it as emanating from highly respectable authority, that Mr. Webster, upon his death-bed, called his confidential friend, Peter Harvey, to him, and asked him whether Rufus Cheate intended supporting Scott.

Mr. Harvey answered, "I do not know, but think not." "Well," said the lamented Webster, "Cheate has youth and talents, and tell him for me not to mar his future prospects by taking a step in support of Scott—and tell him, as my dying message to him, that after the 2d day of November next, the whig party, as a national party, will exist only in history."

This prophecy is precisely the opinion which the New York Herald has entertained since the nomination of General Scott at Baltimore, and even as long as twelve months ago.

The means and appliances by which that nomination was effected, the ruling spirits by which it was forced upon the national whigs, and the contemptuous treatment which marked the repudiation of the claims of Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Webster, were in the outset a combination of drawbacks fatal to the prospects of General Scott, and the unity of the whig party.

Its dissolution was thus decreed at Baltimore. The compromise platform which the Convention put forth to conciliate the South, notwithstanding its prompt and even "hasty" acceptance by Gen. Scott, was extensively regarded as a mere act of necessity, from which there was no escape, for the rejection of the platform would have been the dissolution of the Convention.

But whatever good might have resulted from the principles laid down by the Convention, in reconciling the South and the conservative whigs of the North to their military availability candidate, was destroyed in the very outset, by the leading Seward organs, "in spitting upon and execrating" the platform, while they seized upon their man as a victory of their faction, and as such boldly thrust him upon the country.

Not all the splendid achievements of General Scott's glorious career in Canada and in Mexico, nor all the admiration and gratitude of the American people for successful military services such as his, could sustain the dead weight of the seditious "higher law" faction, who seized upon him as their champion, and, as such, sustained him to the bitter end.

It had been less objectionable to reward General Scott with the Presidency, had it not been so important—so infinitely important—to break up and disperse the nest of unclean birds into which he had been betrayed.

And it is due to him in common justice to say, that it was not so much from his want of qualifications for the Presidential office—no so much from his antecedents of Native Americanism, and other rigid and hard shelled federal principles—not so much from the bad repute into which whig military Presidential candidates had fallen—it was not so much from any of these causes, or all combined, that Gen. Scott is so signally vanquished, as from this incubus of Sewardism, which crushed him down, and held him down, in spite of all his efforts to rise to his feet.

The election, in fact, was made an issue with the people between the "higher law" and the Constitution—between the revival of the slavery agitation and diminution on the one hand, and the restoration of harmony and fraternity with the North and the South. The voice of the people, like a voice of thunder, from all points of the compass, has vindicated their devotion to the Union, and has reaffirmed their sound judgment and enlightened convictions with the emphasis of an earthquake.

The prophecy of Mr. Webster, that "after the second of November the whig party, as a national party, will exist only in history," we apprehend, begins its fulfillment from this morning.

The ties which have heretofore bound the whig national party together are riven in twain. In truth, there has been but a nominal co-operation between the several great divisions of the party, since the last fatal Baltimore Convention.

The seed sown broadcast over New York and the North, by Seward and his instruments of abolition sedition, had produced its bitter fruits. A chasm, too deep and wide to be closed up or bridged over, had been made between the Seward faction and the whigs of the South and their conservative brethren of the North, and their final separation was inevitable. It has come. The national whig party is dissolved. "It exists only in history." It was, but is no more.

We may, therefore, anticipate, as the next thing in order, the re-organization of the shattered elements of the late whig party. There can be no more fraternizing, on their Baltimore resolutions, between Southern whigs and the cohorts of Sewardism. The former have only now to rally upon some independent platform, together with the conservative whigs of the North, for they are now too late to fall in with the national democratic party.

The Seward faction may be expected to show the cloven foot. Their natural alternative is to join the free soil and abolition factions of all shades, in the formation of a great, overshadowing Northern anti-slavery party, with Seward at the head, and Greeley at the tail. But the back of the serpent is broken, and a few more lusty blows will kill it outright.

The democratic party have now a splendid career opened before them, and if they fail to appropriate it to the proper advancement of all the great interests of the country, domestic and foreign, they will be held to their responsibility in due season. But we shall look to General Pierce's administration for a domestic policy and a foreign policy which shall not only promote the internal glory and prosperity of the Union, but the extension of its power and influence among the nations of the earth.

The News.

The steamship Prometheus yesterday reached this port, with advices from the Isthmus of Panama to the 23d, and Havana to the evening of the 27th ult. Full details of the Cuban intelligence have been furnished by our correspondents and translators.

According to this news, the Captain General had not apologized to Judge Conkling for the outrages perpetrated by the Spanish authorities against the flag of the United States, as was stated in a recent telegraphic despatch from Mexico, although it is probable that some arrangement was entered into between the Cuban Governor and Judge Conkling, in which the latter was given to understand that an ample apology would be rendered. This exhibits the matter in a very different light; for, notwithstanding the fact that General Canedo may have acknowledged that his government had acted hastily, and expressed a willingness to make all due reparation, when he comes to think over and scrutinize the

rather vacillating position assumed by the administration at Washington, he may not only back out, but entirely turn the tables, by demanding an apology of some kind from this government for permitting those of our citizens who are obnoxious to the Spanish authorities to be employed on vessels sailing under the flag of the United States.

Doubtless the result of the election yesterday will materially assist in settling this controversy. Time will tell.

The late information, which we elsewhere publish, from Central America, will be read with more than ordinary interest. As usual, everything in that quarter is in a state of uncertainty, particularly in Nicaragua, where a threatened revolution was pending. The Webster and Crompton treaty for the settlement of the boundary difficulty between that republic and Costa Rica, continues the theme of bitter discussion and dissatisfaction. The Nicaraguans not only protest against this treaty, but are moving in a manner that very plainly evinces their determination not to abide by it, as will be observed by the letters from our San Juan del Norte and Granada correspondents, who likewise furnish many particulars concerning the Accessory Transit Company, the routes of emigration to California, &c.

We to-day publish two remarkably interesting letters, relative to the state of affairs in the British provinces. Our Halifax correspondent states that the good people of Nova Scotia are completely astounded at the seizure and detention of their own fishing vessels at Fort Hood, by Her Majesty's war-steamer Devastation, which had been specially detailed to protect the codfish and herring ponds therabouts. The commander of the steamer is doing his duty faithfully—the waters along the coast are perfectly alive with fish—no vessels of any kind are permitted to cast a net among them—and the owners of the Nova Scotia smacks are bowling their loss, which, it is reported, already exceeds \$160,000. Formerly, they complained of a want of protection to their fish, and now they have got entirely too much of it. From Quebec our correspondent writes that a great deal of anxiety exists to ascertain what will be the commercial policy of the Canadian government. It is generally understood that differential duties will be declared in favor of the St. Lawrence route, and increasing the tolls on American vessels passing through the Welland canal, should the United States disagree to a treaty of reciprocity. The mercantile classes of Upper Canada are much opposed to any movement of this kind, for the reason that they can import British, French, and West India goods far cheaper by way of New York than by any other route. Many other matters of general interest are commented on by our correspondent, to which it is not necessary to specially refer.

In another part of this paper we publish a complete and highly entertaining history of that peculiarly mysterious class of human beings known as the Lazarons of Mexico, including descriptions of their ingenious methods of robbery, sanguinary conflicts, bull fights, &c. Those who are fond of studying human nature, should not fail to peruse this extraordinary chapter.

Commercial men will find much to interest them in the market reports given in another page. The stock of sugars, on the 1st inst., was below that at the same date in 1851, and lighter than reported in some statements which have been given to the public in other publications. In the usual report given to the press, we ascertained that one firm was put down for 500 hhds, which had none at all, and 1,000 boxes when they had but 500. Another party was put down 108 hhds. in excess of what they actually had, making a difference of 600 hhds. and 500 boxes. Our tables, which we have, as far as practicable, corrected and published in our trade report, will be found near the mark, though, if there were mistakes in two cases, there may have been errors in others. By the tables referred to, it will be seen that the entire stock on 1st November, 1851, was equal to 29,000 hhds., and on the 1st November, 1852, to 23,400, being a difference of 5,600 hhds. Of coffee there appears to be also a light stock, consisting of about 40,000 bags Rio, 12,000 mats, 3,000 bags government Java, 2,000 Maracaibo and 1,000 bags St. Domingo.

We insert to-day, a report of the ceremonies and sermons which took place and were delivered in the Church of the Pilgrim, Brooklyn, last Sunday, previous to the departure of the Reverend Mr. Hartwell, for China. A tremendous pressure of advertising and political matter upon our space, rendered an earlier publication impossible.

Our inside pages contain several letters from different parts of France; an article relative to Messrs. Webster and Winthrop, and the successors to the State Department; theatrical and musical notices; commercial reports, and much other interesting matter, to which we have no room to refer in detail.

The State of Europe.

The eyes of Europe are fixed on Paris. The denouement of the drama comedy, as you may please to style it, which was produced on the French stage in 1848, and has ever since been drawing out its long length before a wondering public, is now close at hand. The amnesty has replaced the bill of the stage manager, and the whole troupe, from the male-democratic hero to the *figurante* in white robes and green sashes, are gathered before the foot-lights, to witness the final coup of the republican and the apotheosis of Louis Napoleon. Ere this, in all probability, his modest scruples will have been overcome, and amid the shouts of a gratified people, the Prince President will have suffered the imperial crown to be placed on his head. Unpromising as were the *Etés de aigles*, and the return from Strasbourg, the results of his southern tour have exceeded his most brilliant expectations: city after city has knelt in the dust at his feet: mayors, prefects, and people, have vied with each other in professions of attachment to his person and anxiety for the restoration of the empire. "La France est unie," said, some years ago, one of the most famous *letrados* of the capital, to account for an apparently inexplicable revolution in public opinion. The epigram was not more witty than the sentence was just. Nor was it less true of that day than of the present. France is weary—wary of the name of a republic, accepted partly from an unwillingness to oppose it, and partly from weariness of monarchy; weary of constant changes and alarms; weary of having the *rappeé* beaten in the streets, and *coups d'Etat* threatened or executed; weary of a state of society in which every man was compelled, from a regard for his own safety, if not from higher considerations, to keep a constant watch on the movements of government. For an idle, thoughtless, laughing-loving people like the French, it is questionable whether any form of government is preferable to the despotism. It relieves them from the necessity of thinking seriously; and this to them is no small boon. Though individual liberty may be curtailed—though the representatives may be tongue-tied, and the pen of the journalist blunted, property will be secure, and the person will be inviolate. Under an imperial regime the opera will flourish; large subsidies will enable managers to produce sparkling comedies and vaudevilles, with clever actors, and to place the pit within the reach of the most modest paragon; the boulevards will be gay, as of yore; literature will be encouraged, and the manufacture of objects of taste and luxury will thrive, under the splendid patronage of an aristocratic court; the thoughts of the lower classes being confined in the channel of their private avocations, by a judicious system of tramels on freedom, each will attain a higher degree of individual prosperity than was possible when politics absorbed half his time and energies. Thus, the empire will realize the main requisites to a Frenchman's happiness: *paix et commerce*. Is more required to explain the imperialist tendencies of France?

Nothing, of course, is known as yet of the social and political changes which will flow from the proclamation of the empire. What remains of the constitution, will, in all probability, be consigned to the waste paper basket, and some imitation of the

charter (1) of the old empire will be adopted. But what measure of liberty this will vouchsafe to the nation it is impossible to foresee. We are equally in the dark, whether we examine the spirit of the people or the character of their ruler. The latter we only know as a public schemer, who will allow no obstacle to interfere with the execution of his plans—a man of indomitable will and unshakable perseverance, whom no danger can arrest—no defeat subdue; but of his love for abstract liberty we have no means of judging. The people are, if possible, a still greater enigma. They are tolerably contented monarchists one day, fair average republicans the next, raving socialists on the third; and on the fourth, they seem frenzied by a mania to get rid of the last vestige of their liberty. Whether the next scene will find them friends of constitutional government, or a willing slave to a despot, it is impossible to conjecture. There are equal reasons for expecting either; and we will not adventure a prophecy at a risk.

Whatever be the result of the change, as regards the people of France, it is certain that the Emperor will be regarded by the nations of Europe in a very different light from the President. The tone of *The Times* has materially altered within the last few days, and it now throws out plain hints that its animosity will be charmed away if the French army is reduced and the Emperor shows symptoms of an amicable disposition towards Great Britain. Austria and Russia would prefer any dynastic government in France to a republic, even though they were compelled to fraternize with the nephew of Napoleon. It is not probable that the veteran statesmen who are in power at Vienna and St. Petersburg are deluding themselves into the belief that the empire will be perpetual, or even of longer duration than any of its predecessors; but ephemeral though it may be, it is infinitely preferable to a republic. It is, at all events, a truce to the great social war, which will certainly break out at the first favorable opportunity.

It seems to be the prevailing opinion that in case of a war between Great Britain and France, Prussia would probably side with the former, while Austria would remain neutral, in the hope of crushing the rising power of Russia in Germany. Notwithstanding the military honors paid to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, it is well known that the cabinet at Vienna is far from cherishing the most friendly feelings towards the English. The common bond of interest which united Austria and Britain in their resistance to Napoleon, no longer exists at present; and the former has no more desire for than the free press and free people of the latter. Prussia, on the other hand, is a sure ally of Great Britain, and would take part, without hesitation, in any struggle between that country and France. Russia's policy is obviously to remain neutral until the dyke which the central European monarchies now constitute against the encroachments of democracy, be broken down. Then—so far as we can judge from what we see to-day—she must take the lead in the great struggle between hereditary and popular rights. Austria, Prussia, and perhaps some of the minor German powers, will flock round her banners. But the real enemy of the people will be Russia.

Meanwhile, Great Britain, like this country, is looking with tolerable indifference on the signs of the times on the Continent. Her internal politics—flat as they really are—seem to be engrossing public attention. Parliament is to meet on the 4th inst., for the despatch of business. Earl Derby is prepared to open the houses, without a policy—without a party—without a measure resolved on. A protectionist by principle, he has pledged himself to carry out the free trade doctrine, in obedience to the will of his constituents. It will be, to the best of our recollection, the first instance in which the prime minister of England will have played the part of a special pleader, and defended, or at least acted as though he defended, a course of conduct which everybody knows is inimical to his feelings and opinions. There may be showiness in the act; but it is not very manly, nor very consistent in the representative of the Derby family, or the Tory party. In plain truth, the issue was laid before ministers, as consistency is place, and they unhesitatingly chose the latter. The sincerity of their professions is to be tested by the whigs and the Grahamites, as soon as the ceremony of Wellington's funeral, and some other matters, are disposed of. Lord Derby will then have to choose between voting for free trade or suffering an inglorious defeat. The discreet silence which he has observed since the election, prevents our forming an accurate guess as to his own views on the subject; but we can draw a significant inference from the gradual conversion of his subordinates. Should he resolutely refuse to redeem his former pledges to the agriculturists, and pursue the same commercial policy as his predecessors in office, he will undoubtedly retain power for a time, and the republican projects of the radicals will be laid on the shelf. Should he, on the contrary, adhere to the vacillating tactics he has hitherto employed, or attempt retrograde steps towards protection, he will at once be hurled from power, and a new ministry—in which it seems likely that Sir James Graham will occupy a conspicuous post—will be entrusted with the destinies of Great Britain.

The Target Companies of New York.—We are at a loss whether to admire most the spirit of our volunteer fire companies, or of our volunteer military companies; both are admirable, and are, perhaps, without a parallel in the world. Both are unpaid, and both are kindred, and spring from the same source. But it is more immediately with the military spirit that we have at present to do. In another column we publish a table, giving an account of the names and number of muskets of the volunteer military companies that have passed our office during the present year, in going to or returning from annual parades; but, as a very large proportion of the parades are still to come off—November and December being the principal months for these excursions—it is probable that not more than two-thirds of the companies have turned out as yet, and we have not a doubt that the entire target companies of New York would number ten thousand rank and file, thus—Total number of muskets already paraded, 6,558. Officers commanding companies, 548.

Total, 7,106. Parades to come off, rank and file, (say) 7,004. Making a total of over 14,000. These are entirely distinct from the militia, who are bound by law, under a fine, to turn out twice in the year, either in uniform or without it. They consist of young men, who form themselves into independent companies, and make excursions for target practice, in which trials of skill take place, and prizes are awarded, some of them of great value. They do not wear uniform, but appear in citizens dress, (black,) with glass caps, black belts, and muskets and bayonets. They are always accompanied by bands of music. Their targets, carried by colored men, are handsomely painted and decorated with flowers; and frequently they exhibit, by their riddled appearance on returning from the field, the superior skill of the contestants. Sometimes half a dozen of these companies pass in the day.

It is in this way that our young men are trained without expense, for the day of battle. They become first rate marksmen, and acquire the habit of taking aim—which is different from the European plan, but, in its practical effects in war, renders the American soldier superior to all others in the use of the musket or rifle. It is related that at the battle of New Orleans, many of the British dead were shot through the eye.

The Mexican campaign affords remarkable examples of this fatal precision. Our troops, sometimes consisting of mere boys, played the most deadly havoc with the flower of the Mexican army, from the certainty of their fire. The New York regiments, which so distinguished themselves in that war, consisted, for the most part, of the target companies of this city; and the Western and Southern rifle regiments, which did such execution, were formed almost entirely of men who were accustomed to the use of the rifle from their boyhood in their native forests—men who could shoot a squirrel through the eye on the highest tree, or kill him by "barking" him without injuring his skin—that is, by striking the tree or branch so close to him with the bullet, that the bark, in flying off, brings him down as effectually as if he were shot through the heart. In every battle they were victorious, and against all odds—such odds as it sometimes seemed madness itself to encounter. Who, that is fired with a spark of the military spirit, can read the description given of the battle of Buena Vista without emotion? More particularly, who can read of the deeds of the glorious Mississippi Rifle, with out a quivering pulse, and a lofty feeling of national pride? The historian of the battle tells us that the greater portion of Ampudia's light division was moving down a plain, flanked by cavalry, and supported by reserves of the heavy infantry. They seemed like an avalanche. Davis and his gallant Spartan band counted not the odds. Amidst the hissing showers of lead they advanced to meet the foe, nor paused till they had brought him within the range of their own snoring weapons. Then their little line blazed forth one sheet of fire. The effect was awful. The head of the enemy's column went down before it as ripe grain before the reaper. Still the enemy came on, over his dead, and still forward pressed the riflemen—the latter a handful, the former a host. Bloody was the carnage. At length they paused—the Mississippi men on the brink of the ravine, the Mexican light infantry on the plain beyond, the cavalry being driven to cover on their left. It was not enough for the Mississippians to hold such masses at bay. Their blood was up—they dashed with one loud yell into the ravine, clambered up the opposite bank, and stood before the Mexicans on their own side. Again the carnage was terrible. The column of Ampudia, bloody and torn, at last lost its steadiness—it fled in the most terrible confusion.

Another incident of this battle will show the reader still more clearly the effect of the unerring fire of American infantry and riflemen. After the Mexicans had failed in their attack on Buena Vista, they made a determined effort to force their way to the road at a point nearer the plateau. They brought down from the mountains opposite, and to the left of the heights, a fresh brigade of cavalry, covered by infantry in all its passages of ravines. With this they advanced to engage the Mississippi riflemen, the fragment of the Second Indiana volunteers, and the Third regiment of the same, who were still acting together, and had near them one howitzer, under Captain Sherman. These troops formed so as to present an oblique angle to the enemy. Down the slope he came, in close columns of squadrons, and at an easy hand gallop, all his panions flying—some 1,600 of them—the men in full uniform, the horses beautifully caparisoned. The march was magnificent, reminding one of the cavalry of the olden days. They were the chivalry of Mexico. Opposite to them were a handful of our men on foot, without pomp, or glitter, or feathers. They stood calmly with their pieces at a carry. Not a word was spoken. The rumbling sound of the earth, as the cavalry brigades swept onward like a living thunderbolt, appeared to be the only audible manifestation of the approaching carnage. They calculated upon the utter destruction of the little band. But finding, to their astonishment, as they drew near, that not a piece was discharged nor a man moving, they instinctively diminished their gait. They could not understand the Americans. Instead of dashing on, they finally came to a dead halt, in the very network of the two lines of fire. The instant they did so, the pieces came down on both faces of the angle as if swayed by the same hand. For a moment their muskets moved slowly about, as each man felt for his aim; then they settled steady and firm 's bars of steel. Now, like the blast of a trumpet, the dreadful word was shouted—"Fire!" Two sheets of flame converged on that beautiful brigade. It was appalling. The whole head of the column was prostrated, and riderless horses, a multitude, and crimson with blood, scattered from it in every direction. Before the Mexicans could recover the effects of this blow, Sherman cut them up with grape and canister. Then came the rapid and deadly fire by file of our riflemen and infantry. No troops in the world could have faced it, without the most awful sacrifice of life; and under it the whole brigade gave way, and fled to the mountains, leaving the ground literally covered with its dead. Such is the effect of target and rifle practice.

There is no need of a standing army in the United States. Every citizen is a soldier, and woe to the enemy that is ever rash enough to land upon our shores.

Personal Intelligence.

MOVEMENTS OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.—Mr. T. F. Meagher was engaged to deliver the second lecture of the annual course for the Clinton Association, at the Library this month, but in consequence of the death of Mr. Webster, who was to have delivered the opening lecture, and which would now make Mr. Meagher first, he has deferred, through a feeling of delicacy, his lecture till 1st January. The subject to be Australian. But we understand that a requisition is in progress of signature inviting him to deliver a lecture on the subject immediately to the people at large at Metropolitan Hall. He is engaged to lecture in Albany in the first week of the month, and then at Rochester, Buffalo, Cincinnati and St. Louis. The volume containing his speeches will be out about a fortnight. His opinions originate, not only interesting to the Irish people, we have been favored with a sight of the proof sheets. Mr. Meagher has just received a letter from his wife, who was still in Van Buren's Land. The letter contains a beautiful scene, and speaks of Mr. Smith O'Brien, who was in the habit of visiting her as being in very low spirits, though he had been in the hospital for some time. The letter, from the same letter it appears that Galavin, the district constable who refused to obey the order of the magistrate to arrest Mr. Meagher when about to depart, has been ordered to pursue him, and has accordingly dimitted the service. (His salary being £130 per annum) and fired £10, but was threatened by the government officials, severely scolded for not doing his duty, and in the spring from the same letter it appears that Galavin, the district constable who refused to obey the order of the magistrate to arrest Mr. Meagher when about to depart, has been ordered to pursue him, and has accordingly dimitted the service. 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